

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER:

CHAPTER I.—Returning from Manila, Captain Selwyn, formerly of the army, is welcomed home by his sister, Nina Gerard, her wealthy husband Austin, and their numerous children. Eileen Erroll, ward of Nina and Austin, is part of their household. Selwyn has been divorced, without guilt on his part, by his wife, Alice, who is now the wife of Jael Ruthven, with whom she ran away from Selwyn. II.—Eileen, who is very fond of her brother, Gerald, despite the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn. III.—Gerald is worried about young Erroll, mingling in the fast set. Gerald is employed by Julius Neergard, a real estate operator in a large way. Selwyn promises Eileen he will look after her brother. He tells her about Boots Lansing, his army chum in Manila, who is coming to New York. In the park Eileen and Selwyn ride past the grave of Eileen's deceased father, an archaeologist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Eileen to settle a gambling debt and determines to undertake his reformation. V.—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss their altered relations. He is introduced to Mrs. Rosamund Fane, leader of the fast set and Alice's closest friend. He appeals to Alice to help him keep Gerald from gambling. VI.—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. VII.—Gerald promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Neergard discloses to Selwyn, who is interested in the scheme, a plan to control the Slothwaite Country club by buying up farms essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appear to Selwyn. VIII.—Austin, who denounces Neergard and his methods. VII.—At night in his room Selwyn answers a knock at his door. The caller is Alice, who is very unhappy with Ruthven and wants to talk with Selwyn. For a moment their old love flashes up, but at the mention of Eileen he knows that it is past resurrection. X.—Rosamund distresses Eileen by telling her Selwyn is gossiping about her and Selwyn. Alice sees from Gerald, who has again lost heavily, a promise not to play again at her house. XI.—Alice and Ruthven quarrel over the gambling which he lives and she reveals his knowledge of her visit at night to her ex-husband's room. XII.—Gerald's increasing intimacy with Neergard distresses Selwyn, who breaks with the real estate man over the Slothwaite matter. Neergard is trying to break into society. XIII.—Lansing invites Selwyn to his home with him in the modest house he has bought. Selwyn declares he will no longer let the past mar the future of his life. XIV.—Nina declares her belief that Eileen has fallen to love with him. Nina fears that Alice, restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. Selwyn is experimenting with chaosite, his discovery is explosive. XIV.—Eileen asks Selwyn to remove Gerald from Neergard's influence. XV.—Through Ruthven and the Fanes, Neergard forces himself a little way into society and tries to tempt the Slothwaite club. Eileen loses more and more at cards, sinking Eileen money as well as his own. Trying to save him, Selwyn tells him and then appears in vain to Neergard, Rosamund and Ruthven. He almost kills Ruthven, whose heart is weak, when the latter hints at a possible divorce with Selwyn as a correspondent. XVI.—Correspondence between Alice and Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn's ex-wife is, as her late father was, mentally unsound. Selwyn makes up with Gerald and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVII.—At Silverside, the Gerards' country place, Eileen declares she cares for Selwyn, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is now bringing over a new mad-

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DRINA'S relations with Lansing afforded infinite amusement to the Gerards. It had been a desperate case from the very first, and the child took it so seriously and considered her claim on Boots so absolute that neither that young man nor anybody else dared make a jest of the affair within her hearing. Otherwise she was the same active, sociable, wholesome, intelligent child, charmingly casual and inconsistent, and the list of her youthful admirers at dancing school and parties required the alphabetical classification of Mr. Lansing. But Boots was her own particular possession. He was her chatter, her thing, and he and other people knew that it was no light affair to meddle with the personal property of Drina Gerard. Eileen, one bare arm around her brother's shoulders, strolled houseward across the lawn, switching the shaven sod with her tennis bat. "What are you doing this afternoon?" she said to Selwyn. "Gerald"—she touched her brother's smooth cheek—"means to fish. Boots and Drina are keen on it, too, and Nina is driving to Wyossett with the children." "And you?" he asked, smiling. "Whatever you wish," confident that he wanted her, whatever he had on hand. "I ought to walk over to Storm head," he said, "and get things straightened out." "Your laboratory?" asked Gerald. "Austin told me when I saw him in town that you were going to have the cottage on Storm head to make powder in." "Only in minute quantities, Gerald," explained Selwyn. "I just want to try a few things. And if they turn out all right what do you say to taking a look in—if Austin approves?" "Oh, please, Gerald," whispered his sister. "Do you really believe there is anything in it?" asked the boy. "Because, if you are sure—" "There certainly is if I can prove that my powder is able to resist heat, cold and moisture. The Lawn people stand ready to talk matters over as soon as I am satisfied. There's plenty of time, but keep the suggestion in the back of your head, Gerald." The boy smiled, nodded importantly and went off to remove the stains of tennis from his person, and Eileen went, too, turning around to look back at Selwyn. "Thank you for asking Gerald! I'm sure he will love to go into anything you think safe." "Will you join us, too?" he called back smilingly. "We may need captain!"

"I remember that!" she said, and turning once more as she reached the landing, "Goodby—until luncheon!" and touched her lips with the tips of her fingers, flinging him a gay salute. In parting and meeting, even after the briefest of intervals, it was always the same with her; always she had for him some informal hint of the formality of parting, always some recognition of hands as though the symbol of ceremony at least was due to him, to herself and to the occasion. At luncheon Nina and Eileen talked garden talk—they both were quite mad about their fruit trees and flower beds. Selwyn, Gerald and Boots discussed stables, golf links and finally the new business which Selwyn hoped to develop. Afterward, when the children had been excused and Drina had pulled her chair close to Lansing's to listen—and after that, on the veranda, when the men sat smoking and Drina was talking French and Nina and Eileen had gone off with baskets, trowels and pruning shears—Selwyn still continued in conference with Boots and Gerald, and it was plain that his concise, modest explanation of what he had accomplished in his experiments with chaosite seriously impressed the other men. Boots frankly admitted it. "Besides," he said, "if the Lawn people are so anxious for you to give them first say in the matter I don't see why we shouldn't have faith in it—enough, I mean, to be good to ourselves by offering to be good to you, Phil." "Wait until Austin comes down—and until I've tried one or two new ideas," said Selwyn. "Nothing on earth would finish me quicker than to get anybody who trusted me into a worthless thing." "It's plain," observed Boots, "that although you may have been an army captain you're no captain of industry—you're not even a noncom." Selwyn laughed. "Do you really believe that ordinary decency is uncommon?" "Look at Long Island," returned Boots. "Where does the boom of worthless acreage and paper cities land investors when it explodes?" Gerald had flushed up at the turn in the conversation, and Selwyn steered Lansing into other and safer channels until Gerald went away to find a rod. And, as Drina had finished her French lesson, she and Lansing presently departed, brandishing fishing rods adorned with the gaudiest of flies.

In the rose garden and along that section of the wall included in it the rich, dry, porous soil glistened like gold under the sun, and here Selwyn discovered Nina and Eileen busily soliciting over the tender shoots of favorite bushes. A few long stemmed early rosebuds lay in their baskets. Selwyn drew one through his buttonhole and sat down on a wheelbarrow, amiably disposed to look on and let the others work. "Not much!" said Nina. "You can start in and 'pluch back' this prairie climber—do you hear, Phil? I won't let you dawdle around and yawn while I'm pricking my fingers every instant! Make him move, Eileen." Eileen came over to him, fingers doubled into her palm and small thumb extended. "Thorns and prickles, please," she said, and he took her hand in his and proceeded to extract them while she looked down at her almost invisible wounds, tenderly amused at his fear of hurting her. "Do you know," she said, "that people are beginning to open their houses yonder?" She nodded toward the west. "The Ministers are on the way to Brookminster, the Orchills have already arrived at Hitherwood House and the coachmen and horses were housed at Southlawn last night. I rather dread the dinners and country formality that always interfere with the jolly times we have, but it will be rather good fun at the bathing beach. Do you swim well? But of course you do." "Pretty well. Do you?" "I'm a fish. Gladys Orchil and I would never leave the surf if they didn't literally drag us home. You know Gladys Orchil? She's very nice. So is Sheila Minister. You'll like her better in the country than you do in town. Kathleen Lawn is nice too. Alas! I see many a morning where Drina and I twirl our respective thumbs while you and Boots are off with a gayer set." "Oh, don't interrupt! No mortal man is proof against Sheila and Gladys and Kathleen, and you're not a demigod, are you? Thank you for your surgery upon my thumb." She naively placed the tip of it between her lips and looked at him, standing there like a schoolgirl in her fresh gown, burlesqued hair loosened and curling in riotous beauty across cheeks and ears.

He had seated himself on the wheelbarrow again. She stood looking down at him, hands now bracketed on her narrow hips, so close that the fresh fragrance of her gown faintly perceptible, a delicate atmosphere of youth mingling with the perfume of the young garden. Nina, basket on her arm, snipping away with her garden shears, glanced over her shoulder—and went on snipping. They did not notice how far away her agricultural ardor led her—did not notice when she stood a moment at the gate looking back at them or when she passed out, pretty head bent thoughtfully, the shears swinging loose at her girdle. "You are very like a boy sometimes," said Eileen—"as young as Gerald, I often think, especially when your hat is off. You always look so perfectly groomed. I wonder—I wonder what you would look like if your hair were rumpled." "Try it," he suggested lazily. "I? I don't think I dare." She raised her hand, hesitated, the gay luring in her eyes deepening to actuality. "Shall I?" "Why not?" "I touch your hair—rumple it, as I would Gerald's? I'm tempted to—only—only—" "What?" "I don't know. I couldn't. I—it was only the temptation of a second." She laughed uncertainly. The suggestion of the intimacy tinted her cheeks with its reaction. She took a short step backward. Instinct, blindly stirring, sobered her, and as the smile faded from eye and lip his face changed too. And far, very far away in the silent cells of his heart a distant pulse awoke. "Have you misunderstood me?" she asked in a low voice. "How, child?" "I don't know. Shall we walk a little?" When they came to the stone path she seated herself for a moment on a marble bench, then, curiously restless, rose again, and again they moved forward at hazard, past the spouting fountain, which was a driven well, out of which a crystal column of water rose geyser-like, dazzling in the wester sun rays. "Nina tells me that this water rises in the Connecticut hills," he said, "and flows as a subterranean sheet under the sound, spouting up here on Long Island when you drive a well." She looked at the column of flashing water, nodding silent assent. They moved on, the girl curiously reserved, noncommunicative, head slightly lowered, the man vague eyed, houghtful, pacing slowly at her side. Behind them their long shadows trailed across the brilliant grass. Traversing the grove which encircled the newly clipped lawn, now fragrant with sun crisped grass tips left in the wake of the mower, he mentioned moonlight. She glanced up, then away from him. "You seem to be enamored of the moonlight," she said. "I like to stroll in it." "Alone?" "Sometimes." "And—at other times?" He laughed. "Oh, I'm past the spooning age. Are you glad?" She halted. "Yes, because I'm quite sure of you if you are; I mean that I can always keep you for myself. Can't I?" She was smiling, and her eyes were clear and fearless, but there was a wild rose tint on her cheeks which leepened a little as he turned short in his tracks, gazing straight at her. "You wish to keep me—for yourself?" he repeated, laughing. "Yes, Captain Selwyn." "Until you marry. Is that it, Eileen?" "Yes, until I marry." "And then we'll let each other go. Is that it?" "Yes; but I think I told you that I would never marry. Didn't I?" "Oh! Then ours is to be a lifelong and anti-sentimental contract!" "Yes, unless you marry." "I promise not to," he said, "unless you do." "I promise not to," she said gayly, "unless you do." "There remains," he observed, "but one way for you and I ever to marry anybody. And, as I'm hors concours, even that hope is ended." She flushed; her lips parted, but she checked what she had meant to say, and they walked forward together in silence for awhile until she had made up her mind what to say and how to express it. "Captain Selwyn, there are two things that you do which seem to me unfair. You still have at times that faraway, absent expression which excludes me, and when I venture to break the silence you have a way of answering, 'Yes, child,' and 'No, child,' as though you were inattentive and I had not yet become an adult. That is my first complaint! What are you laughing at? It is true, and it confuses and hurts me, because I know I am intelligent enough and old enough to—to be treated as a woman—a woman attractive enough to be reckoned with! But I never seem to be wholly so to you." The laugh died out as she ended. For a moment they stood there confronting one another. "Do you imagine," he said in a low voice, "that I do not know all that?" "I don't know whether you do. For all your friendship—for all your liking and your kindness to me—somehow—I—I don't seem to stand with you as other women do. I don't seem to stand their chances." "What chances?" "The—the consideration. You don't call any other woman 'child,' do you? You don't constantly remind other women of the difference in your ages, do you? You don't feel with other women that you are, as you please to call it,

hers concours—out of the running. And somehow with me it humiliates, because, even if I'm the sort of girl who never means to marry, you—you attitude seems to take away the possibility of my changing my mind. It dictates to me, giving me no choice, no liberty, no personal freedom in the matter. It's as though you considered me somehow utterly out of the question—radically unthinkable as a woman. And you assume to take for granted that I also regard you as—as hors concours. Those are my grievances, Captain Selwyn. And I don't regard you so. And I—and it troubles me to be excluded—to be found wanting, inadequate in anything that a woman should be. I know that you and I have no desire to marry each other, but—please don't make the reason for it either your age or my physical immaturity or intellectual inexperience." One of those weather stained seats of Georgia marble stood imbedded under the trees near where she had halted, and she seated herself, outwardly composed and inwardly a little frightened at what she had said. As for Selwyn, he remained where he had been standing on the lawn's velvet edge, and, raising her eyes again, her heart misgave her that she had wantonly strained a friendship which had been all but perfect, and now he was moving across the path toward her, a curious look in his face which she could not interpret. She looked up as he approached and stretched out her hand. "Forgive me, Captain Selwyn," she said. "I am a child—a spoiled one—and I have proved it to you. Will you sit here beside me and tell me very gently what a fool I am to risk straining the friendship dearest to me in the whole world? And will you fix my penance?" "You have fixed it yourself," he said. "How?" "By the challenge of your womanhood." "I did not challenge." "No; you defended. You are right. The girl I cared for—the girl who was there with me on Brier Water—so many, many centuries ago—the girl who, years ago, leaned there beside me on the sundial—has become a memory." "What do you mean?" she asked faintly. "Shall I tell you?" "Yes." "You will not be unhappy if I tell you?" "No." "Have you any idea what I am going to say, Eileen?" She looked up quickly, frightened at the tremor in his voice. "Don't—don't say it, Captain Selwyn!" "Will you listen as a penance?" "I—no, I cannot." He said quietly: "I was afraid you could not listen. You see, Eileen, that, after all, a man does know when he is done for." "Captain Selwyn!" She turned and caught his hands in both of hers, her eyes bright with tears. "Is that the penalty for what I said? Did you think I invited this?" "Invited! No, child," he said gently. "I was fool enough to believe in myself; that is all. I have always been on the edge of loving you. Only in dreams did I ever dare set foot across that frontier. Now I have dared. I love you. That is all, and it must not distress you." "But it does not," she said. "I have always loved you—dearly, dearly. Not in that way. I don't know how. Must it be in that way, Captain Selwyn? Can we not go on in the other way—that dear way which I—I have—almost spoiled? Must we be like other people—must sentiment turn it all to commonplace? Listen to me. I do love you. It is perfectly easy and simple to say it. But it is not emotional; it is not sentimental. Won't you take me for what I am and as I am—a girl, still young, devoted to you with all her soul, happy with you, believing implicitly in you, deeply, deeply sensible of your goodness and sweetness and loyalty to her? I am not a woman. I was a fool to say so. But you—you are so overwhelmingly a man that if it were in me to love—in that way—it would be you! Do you understand me? Or have I lost a friend? Will you forgive my foolish boast? Can you still keep me first in your heart, as you are in mine, and pardon in me all that I am not? Can you do these things because I ask you?" "Yes," he said.

Chapter 19

ERALD came to Silverside two or three times during the early summer, arriving usually on Friday and always remaining until the following Monday morning. All his youthful admiration and friendship for Selwyn had returned. That was plainly evident, and with it something less of callow self-sufficiency. He did not appear to be as cocksure of himself and the world as he had been. There was less bumptiousness about him, less aggressive complacency. Somebody or something had come into collision with him, but who or what this had been he did not offer to confide in Selwyn, and the older man, dreading to disturb the existing accord between them, forbore to question him or invite, even indirectly, any confidence not offered. Selwyn and Eileen also noticed that he became very restless toward the end of his visits at Silverside, as though something in the city awaited him—some duty or responsibility not entirely pleasant.

There was, too, something of soberness, amounting at moments to discontented listlessness, not solitary brooding, for at such moments he stuck to Selwyn, following him about and remaining rather close to him, as though the elder man's mere presence was a comfort, even a protection. So their relations remained during the early summer, and every day supposed that Gerald's two weeks' vacation would be spent there at Silverside. Apparently the boy himself thought so, too, for he made some plans ahead, and Austin sent down a very handsome new motor boat for him. Then at the last minute a telegram arrived saying that he had sailed for Newport on Neergard's big yacht. And for two weeks no word was received from him at Silverside. One day in September Selwyn wrote Gerald, asking him to bring Edgerton Lawn and come down to Silverside for the purpose of witnessing some experiments with the new smokeless explosive, chaosite. Young Lawn came by the first train. Gerald wired that he would arrive the following morning. He did arrive, unusually pallid, almost haggard, and Selwyn, who met him at the station and drove him over from Wyossett, ventured at last to give the boy a chance. But Gerald remained utterly unresponsive, stolidly so, and the other instantly relinquished the hope of any confidence at that time, shifting the conversation at once to the object and reason of Gerald's coming and gayly expressing his belief that the time was very near at hand when chaosite would figure heavily in the world's list of commercially valuable explosives. It was early in August that Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his chaosite was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far that he had ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing and Edgerton Lawn of the Lawn Nitro Powder company to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm head, but at the same time he informed them with characteristic modesty that he was not yet prepared to guarantee the explosive. He froze chaosite and boiled it and baked it and melted it and took all sorts of hair raising liberties with it, and after that he ground it to a powder, placed a few generous pinches in a small hand grenade and affixed a primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret—the composition of the primer charge. "I used to play baseball in college," he observed, smiling, "and I used to be a pretty good shot with a snowball." They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black, sea soaked rock jutting out above the waves. Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself and, with the long, overhead, straight throw of a trained ball player, sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock. There came a blinding flash, a stunning, clean cut report—but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust—all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been. "I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Captain Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your chaosite and impact primer seem to do the business, and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro Powder company is ready to do business too. Can you come to town tomorrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you." But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin. "I suppose," said Edgerton Lawn good naturedly, "that you intend to make us sit up and beg, or do you mean to absorb us?" But Selwyn said: "I want more time on this thing. I want to know what it does to the interior of loaded shells and in fixed ammunition when it is stored for a year. I want to know whether it is necessary to use a solvent after firing it in big guns. As a bursting charge I'm practically satisfied with it, but time is required to know how it acts on steel in storage or on the bores of guns when exploded as a propelling charge. Meanwhile," turning to Lawn, "I'm tremendously obliged to you for coming—and for your offer. You see how it is, don't you? I couldn't risk taking money for a thing which might at the end prove dear at any price." "I cheerfully accept that risk," insisted young Lawn. "I am quite ready to do all the worrying, Captain Selwyn." But Selwyn merely shook his head, repeating, "You see how it is, don't you?" The matter of business arrangements apparently ended then and there. Lawn's company sent several men to Selwyn and wrote him a great many letters—unlike the government, which had not replied to his briefly tentative suggestion that chaosite be conditionally examined, tested and considered. So the matter remained in abeyance, and Selwyn employed two extra men and continued storage tests and experimented with rifled and smoothbore tubes, watchfully uncertain yet as to the necessity of investing a solvent to neutralize possible corrosion after a propelling charge had been exploded. Everybody in the vicinity had heard about his experiments. Everybody had expressed interest, but few were sincerely, and of the sincere few were unselfishly interested—his sister, Eileen, Drina and Lansing and maybe one or two others.

However, the younger set, now predominant from Wyossett to Wonder head, made up parties to visit Selwyn's cottage, which had become known as the Chrysalis, and Selwyn good naturedly exploded a pinch or two of the stuff for their amusement and never betrayed the slightest annoyance or boredom. In fact, he behaved so amiably during gratuitous interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presently came to the unanimous conclusion that there was romance in the air. And they sniffed it with delicate noses uptilted and liked the aroma. One man, often the least suitable, is usually the unanimous choice of the younger sort where, in the disconcerting summer time, the youthful congregation in garrulous segregation. Their choice they expressed frankly and innocently. They admitted cheerfully that Selwyn was their idol. But that gentleman remained totally unconscious that he had been set up by them upon the shores of the summer sea. On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were hurling tennis balls at each other. Above the beach, under the long pavilions, sat mothers and chaperons. Motors, beach carts and victorias were still arriving to discharge gayly dressed fashionables, for the hour was early, and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing pavilion to the sands a constant procession of bathers passed with nod and gesture of laughing salutation, some already retreating to the showers after a brief ocean plunge, the majority running down to the shore, eager for the first frothy and aromatic embrace of the surf rolling in under a cloudless sky of blue. As Eileen Erroll emerged from the surf and came wading shoreward through the seething shallows she caught sight of Selwyn sauntering across the sands toward the water and halted, knee deep, smilingly expectant, certain that he had seen her. Gladys Orchil, passing her, saw Selwyn at the same moment, and her clear ringing salute and slender arm aloft arrested his attention, and the next moment they were off together, swimming toward the sponson canoe which Gerald had just launched with the assistance of Sandon Craig and Scott Innis. For a moment Eileen stood there motionless. Knee high the flat ebb boiled and hissed, dragging at her stocking feet as though to draw her seaward with the others. Yesterday she would have gone without a thought to join the others, but yesterday it seemed to her as she stood there that something disquieting



Something disquieting had come into the world.

had suddenly come into the world, something unpleasant, but indefinite, yet sufficient to leave her vaguely apprehensive. Somebody threw a tennis ball at her. She caught it and hurled it in return, and for a few minutes the white, felt covered balls flew back and forth from scores of graceful, eager hands. A moment or two passed when no balls came her way. She turned and walked to the foot of a dune and seated herself cross legged on the hot sand, her serious, beautiful eyes fixed steadily on a distant white spot—the sponson canoe where Gladys and Selwyn sat, their paddle blades flashing in the sun. How far away they were! Gerald was with them. Curious that Selwyn had not seen her waiting for him, knee deep in the surf—curious that he had seen Gladys instead! True, Gladys had called to him and signaled him, white arm upflung. Gladys was very pretty—with her heavy, dark hair and melting, Spanish eyes and her softly rounded, olive skinned figure. Gladys had called to him, and she had not. That was true, and lately—for the last few days or perhaps more—she herself had been a trifle less impulsive in her greeting of Selwyn—a little less sans facon with him. After all, a man comes when it pleases him. Why should a girl call him—unless she—unless—unless— Perplexed, her grave eyes were fixed on the sea where now the white canoe pitched nearer, close on now. When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult over and over. As Eileen looked she saw a dark streak leap across his face—saw him stoop and wash it off and stand, looking blindly about, while again the sudden dark line crisscrossed his face from temple to chin and spread wider like a stain. "Phillip!" she called, springing to her feet and scarcely knowing that she had spoken. He heard her and came toward her in a halting, dazed way, stopping twice to cleanse his face of the bright blood that streaked it. "It's nothing," he said. "The infernal thing hit me. Oh, don't use that! As she drenched her kerchief in cold sea water and held it toward him with both hands. "Take it, I—I beg of you," she stammered. "Is it serious?" "Why, no," he said, his senses clearing. "It was only a rap on the head, and this blood is merely a nuisance. Thank you; I will use your kerchief if you insist. It'll stop in a moment anyway." Continued on page 7.